

Collected Haiku Moments



Wayne Scott Ray

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HMS Press: Electronic Books In Print

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PO Box 340 Stn. B London Ontario N6A 4W1

ISBN 978-1-55253-108-2

Book Cover Art: WPCA

<http://photoarchives.ca>

Original publications:

Shashin Kaku Haiku CPA London essay 2019 4 ed.

Jaiku TOPS The Stanza Break Series # 55 2014

Going Down Goose Lane Harmonia Press 2005

In A Dream Mercutio Press 2003

Uketorinin Hamilton Haiku Press 1985

Photographs HMS Press 1984

Haiku from In A Dream

Mercutio Press & Uketorinin

Hamilton Haiku Press 1987 & 2003

Uketorinin (Japanese for Receiver) was a small chapbook of haiku published by Hamilton Haiku Press in 1987 when I was working as a receiver at the University of Toronto Bookstore. It was published under my Japanese pseudonym Hanna Kuzu. This later became a full essay on the Canadian haiku style and titled: Shashin Kaku Haiku soon to be republished in a collection of essays. (The original haiku (et al) from Uketorinin were later translated into Japanese by Nami Ohara, St. John's NFLD) and published as In A Dream in 2003 from Mercutio Press of Montreal.

Haiku from In A Dream:

Serving tea
in the once empty room
the warmth of you

Jyoji no Ato no Daremo irai Heya de
Anata no Nukumori wo Kanji
Cha wo Ieru

Stirring noodles
over the hot oven fire
sipping tea

Tagitta Kamado no
Men Kakimaze
Cha wo Susuru

Cooks chili
is bad tonight
stray cat is blind

Konya no
Shefu no Chiri no Dekibae
Noraneko wa Kamawazu

Sipping Green Tea
after love settles the air
aroma

Ryokucha wo Ajiwav
Chigiri no Ato no
Kaori no Naka de

Winter
embeds fly in ice
sad sun melting

Fuyu
Koori no Naki ni Tojikome rareta Hae ga
Hi de Tokete iku

In a dream
they become one
moth and flame

Yume no Naka
Karera wa Hitotsu ri Naru
Ga to Honoo ni

We are asleep
far away from each other
Siamese dreams

Tagai ni Hanare te
Nemutte iru Aida ni
Futago no you ni Onaji Yume miru

When we awake
we brush away soft silver
tendrils of sleep

Watashi tachi ga Mezameta toki
Yawarakana Gin no Nemuri no Tsuru wo
Harai Nokeru

Christmas
in the white snow
broken candles

Kurisumasu
Masshiro na Yuki no Naka de
Oreta kyandoru

If I had a pen
I would write a haiku
about this moment

Moshi watashi ga
Fude wo motte itara
Kono toki wo Haiku ni kaita darou

stripper
beer sloshing in her brain
both mouths smile

Suterippaa
Guden Guden ni yoi dore
Futatsu no Kuchi ga Motomu Yorokobi

My body
is possessed by lice
hotel is full tonight

Watashi no karada
Shirami darake
Konya Hoteru wa Manshitsu

Three girls
under an umbrella
acid rain

Sansei u
Sannin no Syojyo tachi
Hitotsu Kasa no shita

a sip of wine
and a poets words,
thoughts of home

Wain ajiwai
Shijin no Kotoba kiki
Notsukashii Wagaya

Searching for candles
you circle each empty hole
Menorah

Kyandoru sagashi
Anata wa Seishyokudai
Kubomi wo nazoru

Abortion
is not for any man,
missing my son.

Sipping on Green Tea
across from ‘Old Loyalist Cemetery’
long before Vimy.



Outside Tobique
Nation Drumming Circle,
Japanese tourist.

Lake George colors
seep into the dark forest,
call of the Loon.

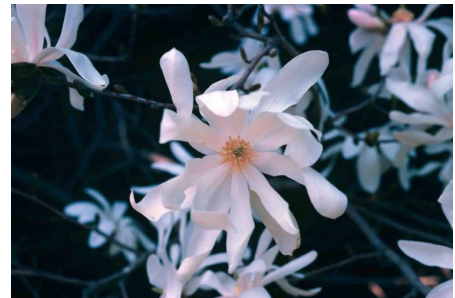
2020/21 Haiku:

Counting images,
the kisses and defeats,
a Mother's love.

Photos on the shelf,
the gaze of absent ones.
My Mother smiles.

Someone keeps
sending me orphans.
I send them back.

In the morning rain,
the Magnolia stellata,
alone on the street.



In the still Spring air,
dark cloudy neighborhood life,
bright magnolias.



Like great pachyderms,
whales have never forgotten,
West Coast ancestors, RSVP.

All of Greenland melted
after a thousand years, Leif,
truly, first Spring flower.

Mars Rover listens to
North West Passage Humpbacks,
East-West reunion song.

Kelley:

You go on hikes,
I too have a wooden staff.
No social distancing.

2 haiku by Ashley Oci

After the walk
along the escarpment,
birdsong laughter.

Except for the stars
so far from the city glare,
fireflies cast shadows.

Haiku for Ann Owl :

Your souls mouth drinks skin
sprinkled with salt and freckles,
brushed by peppered hair.

When we awake,
we brush away soft silver
tendrils of sleep.

Searching for candles
you circle each empty hole,
Menorah.

the owls
are not what they seem,
praying for prey.



New Year's morning
and the first ray of light,
snowy owl snowfall.

We are asleep
far away from each other,
Siamese dreams.



The following longer poems are composed of a main prose poem of twelve lines which begins and ends with a Shashin-kaku Haiku of the same theme. I call this style Joge uta (upper and lower poem).

From *Shashin Kaku Haiku* BookClub BookLits:
Canadian Poetry Association

**Joge Uta Haiku:
The Juke Box**

music blares
and in the restaurant
a blind boy

I see you now
do you see my sounds
my vibration's
my music
quarter in the slot
play me
music plays me
plays you
my music box mouth
has no eyes
I feel your smile
feel mine

dark sounds
penetrate dark spaces
inside smile

Bone Cancer

his wife sits
weeping softly as he speaks
they both hurt

morphine drips
thin anaesthesia
through veins
fragile
as my friend's
brittle bones
aching
he tells his life
drifting in and out
on tides of pain
there is
no more time

eyes close
pain will end too soon
eternal sleep

Miki Mesiah

Ann Owl

For eight days
the owl is sleepless
Hanukkah

Kissing the warm moist
just below your heart
where the salt collects,
your eyes follow the lines
across the ceiling as the lids
close slowly over them.
Swallowing the warm moist
of your sweet love
you become part of me.
Your arching back slowly
obscures the face as
you smile, calling my name.

The owl calls
from her protected nest.
Oh, a morning dove!

Collateral Beauty

After the cloudy rain,
on the tree lined summer grass,
a single daisy.

On a Morey Tuesday
overcast day rain recedes,
grief and loss movie has
gripped our sixth sense,
does not heal our wounds , or
like time, wounds our heals.
Inside the Chapel theater
quiet introspection, solitude,
each man's personal interpretation
of his own grief and loss.
A single daisy blooms on the lawn,
the collateral beauty of tears.

In the Chapel,
this little light of mine,
an orange glow.



Jaiku (*jail haiku*)
Beret Days Press TOPS 2014

Sun warms the wings
after flying near the jail
crimson razor wire.

Sparrow sits and stares
atop the stainless steel fence
galvanized blood.

Migration shadows
as I stand staring
from my window.

Along the jail fence
starlings hang on razor wire
stare at us.

Pulling the last shade
of night heading south,
a million starlings.

Playing Scrabble with
their backs to the window,
a red-tailed hawk.

Still no wind
this long dreary winter,
solitary bird.

Before the eggs hatch,
two Geese walking nearby,
eat dead grass.

Out the window,
New Year's snow has melted,
lazy bird flies south.

First leaf of fall
as temperatures drop,
letter from home.

Facing north
after the snowstorm
windless clouds.

Early Winter thaw,
tends to reveal barbed wire.
The gravity of snow.

Sleeping on the floor
three to a cell at Maplehurst
sounds the guards make.

I hope I never
have to hear these sounds
keys, lock, hopelessness.

Homelessness
is a state of mind,
someone else's.

In his need for words
he had never ever read
1984 .



Just when you think
it's time to go for Yard
short staff lock down.

No shortness of breath
among the proletariat
his life story.

The old guys
all get stereotyped.
Goof-y eh!

I have been here
longer than I like,
without butter tarts.





Waiting
for my coffee while
the server eats.

Still no wind
this long dreary winter,
solitary bird.

Happiness.
Deep insight sorrow,
dry Winter night

At the table
they talk about me,
beggars, pimps, thieves.

Tomorrow,
my celly leaves
for a breach.

At the roof line
blue sky windows reveal
wishes only.

Another cold day
snow along the fence
escapes in the wind.

A bowed head,
the only one blessing
Christmas dinner.

The last six months
should be the fastest.
It is still winter.

Traveling through
the long winter nights
at the speed of dark.

Criticisms
my mother brings up,
February thaw.

Before the eggs hatch
two Geese walking nearby,
eating dead grass.

After the search
not even a sound,
outside a hawk.

Prison Justice Day.
The silence of history,
quiet August

Some months to go
and I'm still dreaming
about vacation.

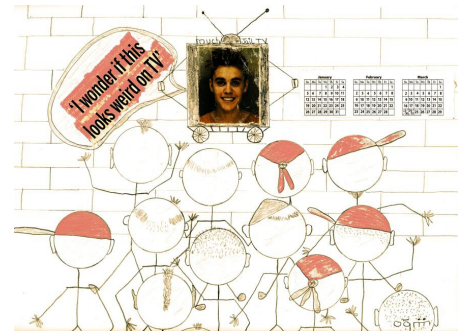
My new celly
shipped to OCI today.
Goose droppings.

Stabbed in the back
someone Googled my name,
half-friends.

How short was
his life on drugs?
Oxy Moron.

Justin Bieber
and orange clad lepers,
his week in jail.

All new on the Range
they rush to the toilet.
Kinder egg surprise.



Short winter sun
but trees do not care
until spring comes.

Dark city nights
are free of drugs and crime
two years less a day.

How many half-friends
did he have upon release?
One hand-butt.

Solitary
last question mark,
at his parole.



After lockup
orange sun goes down,
tired reflection.

Sudden March sun
as the world turns south
towards my release.

Sure sign of spring
through bare trees heading south
jets vapor trail.

Out the cell window
new year's snow has melted
lazy bird flies south.

In this cold,
fresh dust seems heavy
on my blanket.

Wild turkeys walk
past the memory of snow,
this spring's first bird.

New Year's Day
along the barbed fence
two white-tailed deer.

After three months
staring at the brick floor
Christmas card.

Christmas Day,
the search for world peace
continues.

In jail,
everything changes,
except Mr. Noodles.

Alone
for the first time,
with my ego!

Blue weed
wedged in a wire fence,
only grasses move.



Comfort Women WWII

I saw you walking
with an empty heart,
and knew why.

The pain she felt,
your sister said sadly,
not a brother's love.

No bowed heads,
you're the only one
at your funeral.

It felt like death,
dressed for a night out.
I still can't breathe.

Looking away
is not something I do
anymore.

It's not like love
when the Cupids
are blind.

Ten Day Lilies
outside my window,
dressed in orange.

The dead eyes
of your victim's face,
still see you.



Jaiku Haiku by Ray Scott

Beret Days Press 2014

ISBN 978-1-926495-03-3

Review by Katherine L. Gordon

A cover by Brandt Moore cleverly captures the life-smashing experience of a life suspended: the poet's whole world, caught on a jagged hook, left hanging for some years of time, where observation and insight alone protect the soul from disintegration. We often think of haiku as a delicate cherry blossom capture of nature and spirit interacting. The compact form in Ray Scott's "Jaiku" application has a sledge hammer impact, reminiscent of brief and brutal lines written in war. Yet the understanding of beauty amid barbs is always an undercurrent in a true poet's heart. Ray Scott achieves this for us. There is a lovely and sustained allusion to birds, also such a symbol over battle fields, throughout Scott's sparse verses. Those messengers between the worlds who can fly while we are chained to earthly circumstance. The contrast of 'razor wire', 'steel fence / galvanized blood', 'a million starlings', who can migrate, 'another cold day escapes in the wind' is an extraordinary technique to help us experience the utter loneliness of being confined. There are compact lines where the spirit wins, a dark prison humour smiles out, the little flame of hope still flares. Scott is a master of contrast, leaves us re-reading and relating inwardly to Nature touching, exposing our frailty. A fascinating read to make one appreciate the gifts of spirit that light difficult days, the fortune of small comforts that cushion us from inevitable ordeals of life. Ray Scott has given us a brave book: clever, stark, yet beautiful. The reader will appraise it as a valuable memoir, a key to all the opening doors that will now greet this talented poet.

Photographs

HMS Press 1984

review by Bill Bryden CBRA

Wayne Ray's *Photographs* is a collection of 13 haiku poems, one of which I like

greenhouses,
sea of flat glass,
flower fish

The other twelve are dispensable. Bad poets always want to write extremely short poems, probably in order to demonstrate complete technical control; however, as the book shows, condensed verse is a test not of technique but of talent.



Curriculum Vitae Wayne Scott Ray

Wayne Ray was born in Alabama in 1950 and spent the first fifteen years of his life with his family on Ernest Harmon Air Force Base in Stephenville Newfoundland until moving to Woodstock Ontario in 1965. He became a Canadian Citizen in 1978. He lived in Toronto with his wife and two daughters from 1973-1988 where he worked as Estate Gardener to EP Taylor's Windfield's Estate and the University of Toronto President's Estate, when they moved to London Ontario. Wayne founded HMS Press in 1983, publishing over 100 poets and authors to 2019; the Multicultural Poetry Reading Series at the UofT; created the ongoing Scarborough Arts Council Poetry Contest; co-founder of the **Canadian Poetry Association** in 1985 with Ted Plantos, Chris Faiers, Shaunt Basmajian, Beverly Duorio et al., and was its National Coordinator; & co-chairman with Jeff Seffinga of the **League of Canadian Poets: Associates** (Toronto 1985/86). He was a co-director of the Beaches Poetry Workshop with Lola Sneyd in 1983. He was the recipient of the **Editor's Prize** for '**Best Poet Published in 1989**' from the *Canadian Author & Bookman*. He was instrumental in helping establish (and Literary Committee Chair) the **London Arts Council** in 1994, and was literary Chair and President of the **London New Arts Festival** in 1995-99. Wayne has Chapbooks of poetry, short stories, essays, and non-fiction published as well as credits in anthologies, periodicals, journals, and newspapers across Canada between 1983 and 2021.

Publications:

(books and chapbooks)

<i>If You Like: flash fiction</i>	2018
HMS Press 141 p.	
<i>Jaiku</i> (haiku chapbook)	2014
The Ontario Poetry Society Beret Days Press	
<i>Going Down Goose Lane Toward Broken Jaw</i>	2005
Harmonia Press 101 p.	
<i>In A Dream</i> (haiku chapbook)	2003
Mercutio Press (Montreal)	
<i>She Cast No Shadow</i> with Cathy Inculet	2002
Harmonia Press chapbook	
<i>Remembering Olga Rechnitzer</i>	1996
HMS Press local history chapbook	

<i>Giants of the North</i>	1992
Third Eye Press 78 p.	
<i>Ukatorinin</i> (chapbook)	1985
Hamilton Haiku Press	
<i>Auschwitz</i> (chapbook)	1984
Unfinished Monument Press	
<i>Suburban Eyes</i> (chapbook)	1983
HMS Press	

Publications:

e-books for Kindle etc. available at <http://archive.org>

Ernest Harmon Air Force Base (1987) Wikipedia revision	2020
Creative Writing & 21 Pelicans	2019
Baptist Churches in Alabama	2017
Clay County Alabama History	2017
Botanical Gardens of Canada 1983 & revised	2016
Poetics II: 1969-1984	2016
Poetics III: 1985-1994	2016
Hoarfrost: 1995-2016	2016
Gaol: Dictionary of Canadian Jail Terminology	2015
Editor, design & layout	

CPA (Canadian Poetry Association)

BookClub Booklits Chapbooks

Updated and republished in 2019 on <http://hmspress.ca>

Literary Highway: Regional Short Stories	1997
Horticultural Influences in the founding of HMS Press	1993
Twin Peaks: an essay	1993
Patterns of Inheritance: family genealogy	1993
Creative Plagiarism (updated 2019)	1991
Shashin Kaku: Canadian haiku styles (updated 2019)	1991
Beatrice Dickerskin: found prose	1991

Journals & Anthologies

Bridge Celebration Brampton Bridge Ministry	2019
Verse Afire The Ontario Poetry Society	2010-2021
Crossing Lines: <i>Poets who came to Canada in the Vietnam War Era</i> Seraphim Editions Toronto	2009
Trees of Surprise: a western New York Anthology Blaze Vox, New York	2007
Van Gogh's Ear Volume 5 French Connection Press, Paris/Detroit	2006
Unlocking The Muse: Canadian anthology of verse TOPS Beret Days Press	2005
Earth Songs: Canadian anthology of verse TOPS Beret Days Press	2002
Degrees of Closeness CPA Signature Series Marcasite Press Truro N.S.	2001
Waking Ordeals anthology Agram Press Guelph	1997
10th Anniversary Anthology: CPA <i>Canadian Poetry Association</i> Toronto	1995
Sacred Climaxes Cosmic Trend, Guelph	1990
The Northern Red Oak Unfinished Monument Press Toronto	1987
BSPS Journal CPA Halifax	1986-1987
Lines Series & Other Channels League of Canadian Poets Associates	1985
Whitewall Review Ryerson University Press	1984

Magazines & Newspapers:

Poetry, Prose & Horticulture & Photography 1986 - 2018

Anthos (Perth Ont.), Afterthoughts (London Ont.), Author & Bookman (CAA Toronto), Auto Trader (London), Bridge (Brampton), Cross Canada Writers Magazine (Toronto), Deep Woods Magazine (London), Diarist Journal (Pennsylvania USA), (Downhomer (Newfoundland), Georgian (Newfoundland), Glassdoor.ca, London Life Office, London Free Press, Lousy Pennies, Poets Corner (Toronto Sun), Literary Review of Canada (Toronto), Pflanzen in Deutschland (Plants in Germany), Singles Voice (Toronto), Surface & Symbol (Scarborough), POEMATA (CPA Toronto/London), Well (Halifax), Wikipedia articles 2008-2015.

London Arts Council Publications: 1994-2001

in association with Dan Ebbs & Stephen Joy

Public Art in London

London Directory of Arts Organizations

South Western Ontario Publishers Listing

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